

you ride on a street car, and defy the ordinances respecting the ash barrels and snow on your sidewalk every time you have the opportunity, and keep on breaking every municipal and State law that it isn't com-

venient for you toobey, the boy's reverence for the law will grow deeper every year until it will be so deep that he can't reach down to it when he wants to use it. The way to teach a boy reverence is to be just as disobedient as you can be. Just sit down now and think: try to count up how many State laws and municipal ordinances you violated yesterday. Then call your children around you and tell them if they ever disobey you in the lightest particular you'll break every back in the camp.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Disappointment.
(Cambridge Chronicle.)

I asked my love to row with me
Upon the moonlit lake;
And, far from shore, where none could see,
I tried a kiss to take.

"I can't possibly close my ears, and so
 We're on bad terms just now."
 I thought we'd have a pleasant row—
 Instead, we had a row.

In a Quiescent State.
 (Merchant Traveller.)
 Suspended animation—the girl in the
 hammock.

In an "Eight."
 (London Visitor.)
 'Mid the long still shadows of willow trees,
 By the dreamy swirl of the water,
 In the graceful curl I sat at ease,
 And the stream runs cool and clear.

The blue mist hangs on the distant hill,
 And the wind sighs through the reeds,
 And the rustling song of the wheel at the mill
 Flows over the tranquil meads.

I loved that the stream of my life could glide
 In the hush of that river shore
 But my dream was done, for a harsh voice cried
 "Paddle to town and four!"

Men's Madness.

(Philadelphia Call.)

The most provoking part of it is that when a man makes a fool of himself he is apt to take pride in it.

Winsome May,
[E. F. in Chicago Rambler.]
I dreamed one night of winsome May,
Sweet, charming fay,
A maid who'er my heart a way
Gains day by day
I dreamed I met her blithe and gay,
And my affection did betray;
I asked could she my love repay?
She answered "nay."
Then to the maid I fain would woo
I dated and review
The dream that e'er my spirits threw
A sombre hue.
Said I, "This 'nay' when said by you
My life with sorrow's imbue."
She blushed and said, "I know not
Dreams ne'er come true."
The Relic of the Sater Snow

Modern engagements—"Your attentions, sir, and your offer of marriage are exceedingly flattering to me, but I am already en-

gaged for this season."

Where It Does the Most Good.
(David A. Curtis in Life.)
There's a great deal of bills in a lingering kiss
And oceans of solid rupture;
There are little bits of fun in a stolen one.
If you're clever about the capture.
The entrest trinket in a kiss that's quick
Is put up where it belongs;
To see that it goes below the nose
And knocks at the gate of songs
A kiss that is cold may do for the old,
Or pass with a near relation;
But one like this is the work of that "dat-
of supererogation.

If you're going to kiss be sure of this—
That the girl has got some heart in her;
I wouldn't give a darn for the full of a bare
Or kiss without a partner.

The point of this rhyme is to take your time;
Kiss slow and a little long.

Stop and Think.

Don't get mad at the squalling girl-baby
in the horse-car. Think what she will be
in seventeen years from date, and let your
active imagination banish the disagree-
ble reality.

—

A Hammock Song.

(New York Mail and Express.)

Swaying, awaying, softly awaying in the seaweed
scented breeze,
Gazing at the sunlight, flinging golden glances
through the trees,
Listening to the drowsy droning of the never-
tired bees:

There's some magic in the motion, some strange
spell we do not know,
A weird power it has to conjure visions up from
long ago.

By its swaying cradle motion, slowly, softly to
and fro.

All the world of work and wisdom fades behind us,
it is taught
Clear before our charmed vision, Spanish castles
rise unsought,
And the shadow-land is round us, and the realm
of dreamy thought.

What is this strange power that holds us? 'Tis
some silent, subtle spell,
Born of swaying, ever swaying, like the tolling
of a bell,
Or the rocking of the ocean, and the salty sea-
weed smell.

Lying lastly, we linger in the land of day-dreams
rich and bright.

Drinking deep from fancy's fountain, draughts
of quiet, calm delight,
Till the eastward lengthening shadows warn us
of the coming night.

Still we linger, scarcely heeding how the happy moments go.
What care we for time that passes? We are
swinging to and fro.
With that magic cruise motion, swaying, sway-
ing soft and slow.

Perfect Match.
(Burdet in Brooklyn Eagle.)
Rumpunch is going to the mask ball, and
hies him away to the customer's for a dom-
ino. "What shade?" asks the customer.
"Fish color," replies the citizen. Customer
looks at the customer's nose and hands him
down a bright, deep red one.

She Wouldn't.
(Tid Bits.)

“Sweet lady of the rural grove.
Whose cheeks allure, whose smiles attract,
O wilt thou let me swear my love?”
—And the goose quacked.

II.

"Those sylvan shades have grown most dear
Since here thy spirit mine enthralled,
Would'st thou a lover's pleadings hear?"
—And the cow bawled.

III.

"The love awakened in my breast
Can never, never be concealed;
O wilt thou spurn it when confessed?"
—And the pig squealed.

IV.

"Beneath these soft, unclouded skies
My strolls with thee have made me glad;
O wilt thou hear and heed my sighs?"
—And the calf baw'd.

V.
 "The city's turmoil called for me,
 But here my heart my steps delayed;
 Ah would'st thou grieve if I should flee?"

—And the mule brayed.

VI.

"I ne'er have met so fair a face,
With a sweeter anrel walked;
How can I ever leave this place?"
—And the hen squawked.

VII.

"The roses all of these proclaim,
By limpid stream, or winding road,
All sylvan sounds they breathe thy name."
—A rooster crowed.

VIII.

"I hear thy voice in whispering airs
About these landscapes, fair and broad,
My heart doth pave my path with prayers."

IX.
 "O maid of rural haunts divine,
 So far above all guile or craft,
 Wilt thou not promise to be mine?"

—And the flirt laughed! ! !

A Case of Conscience.
(Rambler.)

Armand—Come, fly with me, I implore you!

Camille—Never! sir; you insult me!

Armand—What! you will not go?

Camille—I will resist you with all the strength of my woman's nature. If you would tear me from this place, you must first drug me and render me unconscious. You will find a bottle of chloroform on the

Bureau over there.

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